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"Brethren, fear not: for Error is mortal and cannot live, and Truth is immortal and cannot die."

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The Principles of Nature.

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

BY WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

Morning brightens to full noon; spring-buds open into summer fruit; youth every where matures; and the universal Law of Growth ensures a period of triumphant good upon this planet. What will HEAVEN UPON EARTH be? *Physically*—a serene, pure, equable atmosphere—prolific soils, deserts redeemed, wildernesses blooming, marshy fens made meadows, wooded mountains, free circulation of waters—animals, harmless, docile, orderly arranged, and auxiliary to man; *Socially*—a Human Race made one in universal peace—co-operating in all continents and islands—grouped in happy societies of united families—with concerted worship, science, art—perfecting by culture natural beauty, calling out the latent energies of the mineral and aërial worlds, fulfilling the destinies of the vegetable and brute creations—applying mechanical inventions to facilitate production and exchange—diffusing intelligence and good influences by constant intercourse—glorifying land and sea with significant architectures, sculptured and pictured forms, commodious and graceful vehicles; *Religiously*, the lives of individuals, nations and mankind made worship, by obedience to Divine Order and faithful accomplishment of the plans of Providence—glorifying the bountiful Giver by grateful labor, symbolic structures and ceremonies, progressive science, justice, charities; the chamber, the social hall, the workshop, the college, the temple, the field consecrated to holy joy, and the infinite Goodness dwelling in each and all. Such faintly seen afar off is the Heaven on earth, that in the fullness of time shall be, unless the prophecy of all ages, unless the promises held out by the universe, and the spirit in the soul, are a mockery. Sneer on, sensual skeptic; smile, shrewd plotter for thy private gains! shake thy oracular head, timid conservative! But brave hearts, and lovers, and reverers of the One Good, falter not an instant in your hope.

Man's modes of existence are three,—Celestial—Spiritual—Natural. He stands in three grand relations; with the Divine, by influxes of Love, by ideas of truth, by the constant gift of power; with Spirits, by sympathy, conversation, co-operation; with Nature, by sensation, contemplation, labor. He receives a threefold inspiration; for the One Life flows into him directly from within, and indirectly through the spiritual and natural worlds. By continual reception and diffusion of influence, by alternate action and reaction, his unfolding powers are nourished and expand. His destiny is first to learn to know himself, as one of many in a universe, and then to give himself away in ever enlarging communion with all creatures and with God, and so to become immortal. His peculiar endowment as Man, is the intermediate one of a spiritual nature, the special function of which is rational liberty. By affections from within, and sensations from without, by ideas from the absolute and impressions from transient phenomena, by spontaneous impulse and enforced activity, he grows in character, intelligence, energy, and becomes an image at once of the Creator and the Universe. His love must pass into knowledge, and thence into deeds. And once expressed in actual results, he can fully comprehend it, judge it, detect its tendencies, whether limited or universal, and long for fuller, worthier love. He lives between expression and aspiration, between toil and prayer. His life is

truly manly, when the soul is ever open to welcome Goodness, the energies ever pliant to embody it in Beauty. But to attain and preserve this state, he needs a true and disinterested spirit, and this he finds in intercourse with his kind. Let us regard somewhat closer this social nature of man.

We speak of *our* characters, *our* thoughts, *our* actions; but who are *we*, and how came we to be what we are. The prayers and struggles, the sorrows and trials, the patient studies, persevering experiments, hopes, longings of buried generations, conspire in this mankind now busy in the present. The blood of ancestry flowing in our veins is but a symbol of deeper spiritual circulations of thought and will. We live the life of the past. The Soul of the Race quickens each one of us, all of us, and attempers our spirits. Every man of a nation, of a generation, is instinct with the same tendency in different degrees; each, if duly trained, and placed in a fit sphere of action, would fulfill the other; all together would complete the mission which the preceding age bequeaths. Not only are we thus linked to society by inherited dispositions, but we are born amid expressions of the conscience of the race. To each new coming era, the good words and deeds of ascended heroes shine down like constellations; and aspirations and opportunities open before them like the golden depths of dawn. We come into an age, ready, expectant, prompting us to exertion, inviting devotedness. How marvellous is the influence of Institutions, Customs, Structures, Relics. Not dead they seem, but warmly alive; and venerable with experience they sit like white-haired, bearded, ancients, to counsel, warm and cheer the errant band of young pilgrims entering upon life. How marvellous, too, is the ministry of language. We are enriched in our very infancy with the words into which millions upon millions have condensed and distilled their experience. A Word! what is it but a casket where, embalmed in the perfume of truth and virtue, lies a talisman to guide us. We bind the maxims of sages upon our heads as a frontlet, and sew them into our phylacteries, till their pervading charm endues us with the skill to see and the strength to do, what brave men failed in centuries before. We are welcomed at birth into the congregated intelligence and goodness of ages and nations. And then how all-surrounding, all-penetrating is the influence of existing society. We seem to be but fibres of the Universal Man. Our health, strength, joy, are one with the destinies of all men. The mere presence of human beings, how it affects us. In hidden ways, which no sense can detect, does the quality of spirits diffuse itself; we are exalted or depressed by the contagion of our brethren's characters; and look, tone, gesture, link our minds by subtle communications, on which troops of busy thought hurry to and fro, unlocking the very secrets of the citadel. In every face we behold some reflex of duty, some monition of honor, some effulgence of right. Darkened alas! the rays of the eternal sun may be too often; but only more touching are they, as seen struggling amid the gloom. How through our fellows' sins and sorrows does Infinite Goodness plead with us to be patient, gentle, hopeful, with them, as he is. And how refreshing is the serene eye, the gentle heart-subduing tone, the warm, welcome hand of the good, shaming us from our lethargy, nerving us to new effort. My sin is reflected in awful and vast perspective in the surprised and mournful looks of friends; my worth is imaged back from their approval in dazzling beauty. I know not the depth of my emotion till I would share it; and then, under the warm air of sympathy, its folded petals open, its odorous breath exhales. Our conscience is social. And so it is with intellect. The guess of one

age or man becomes the certainty of a later time, when thousands have verified it; the scattered facts of many seekers are organized by classification; rude blocks from many quarries are built into a glorious temple of knowledge. Slowly into the rushing flood do toiling myriads cast their little load of speculation and experiment, till above the waters tower at last the piers, till arches span the impassable river, and happy generations speed on their way. Discoveries bear the seeds of endless new suggestions. On the sturdy stock of some rough prejudice we graft the mellowest fruits of wisdom. Error teaches by contrast; and the pioneer in untrodden forests, perishing perhaps of want, hews the highway for nations to follow. Our knowledge is social. No one mind can be spared. Complete Science will come only when all men are fully cultivated. Still more apparent is this social nature of man in action. How indomitable are hosts, prompted by one impulse, led by one conviction.

Thus Philosophy teaches that man's life is a conjoint and not an isolated one, social not separate. Love prompts to union from within; necessity constrains union from without; conscience grows clear in the degree of reverence and loyalty; wisdom is established in proportion to the extent of acquaintance with all existent knowledge; strength and success are in concert. I am free according to the measure of my disinterestedness and reason. As I choose universal interests in place of selfish, local and temporary ones, does ever fuller goodness and truth flow into me. The reason and will formed by communion with my kind, become a spiritual body, which the breath of the Father of all animates and renews. Oh! if now, notwithstanding all coldness and meanness, we are so blessed by our race, what might not men become, if they would but confide in, hope for, stimulate each other; if now, notwithstanding the whims and partialities of even the sincerest thinkers, there is such advance in acquaintance with divine order, what wisdom might govern nations and mankind, were the powers of every mind respectfully encouraged, allowed to follow their native bent, directed to their favorite pursuits, and were the results of all combined; if now, amidst all this conflict and competition, such wealth and splendor abound, what elegance, what exquisite beauty, what magnificent creations might glorify earth if Mankind were One.

What now are the signs of promise of this age? They are so many and bright, that he must be cold and dull, care-driven, conscience-seared, timid, and selfish indeed, who does not feel that it is a privilege to have been born in this era of a great awakening. But they may be all summed up in saying, the inspiration of this age is the longing for UNIVERSAL UNITY,—*Unity of Man with God in true religion,—of Man with man in true society,—of Man with Nature in creative art and industry.* When we measure the extent of Christian civilization, and its influence, merely by the character of the existing religious and civil institutions of Christendom, missionary labors and commercial enterprises may seem comparatively unimportant. But when having contemplated this fact, that the earth is now for the first time girdled and interlaced by lines of communication, with centers of colonization at near intervals which are rapidly increasing, we turn our thoughts to the Spirit of Life, which from the heart outwards is animating this great fraternity, we cannot but be awe-struck at this providential preparation. Let Christendom but be true to its great vocation, and bright through all shrouding fogs will appear to the eyes of hope, the sunny splendor of a renovated race. How the religion of reality is pushing aside the religion of creeds and forms. The dry litter of dead theologies is lifted by the springing verdure of active goodness. Catholicism, Protestantism, feel the quickening influence of the genius of the time. The interesting trait of the movements in the Roman and Anglican churches is their deepened humanity. Bishops and priests are busy for the poor, the ignorant, the helpless; they espouse the side of the oppressed struggling for freedom; they advocate temperance; they lecture on love as the basis of political economy. Ah! had the Church been always true in carrying out as a principle, *equity in place of alms-giving*; on the basis of the religious brother-

hoods, had she only reared large communities united in all the interests of life; what wasting years of bloodshed and confusion would have been spared. Asceticism looks very stupid by the side of earnest charity; and bigotry sounds like mocking and madness when there are so many urgent wants to be relieved. The longing of the age is for a worship of deeds, a prayer of works, a sacrifice of usefulness, a consecrated earth, a universal temple. The People stand before the Priesthood crying, "Ye ministers of the all-Good, teach us not words but facts, not theories but duties. Let us have less confession of sin and more actual effort to be rid of it; less flattery of God, and more practical manifestation of confidence in his providence; less promise of heaven beyond the grave, more reality of it now.—We will spare polemics; show us how to be just. Why picture a hell of fire, when we are all living in a hell of injustice. Here are the wretched, the tempted, the weary, the hopeless; they must be helped; tell us how. Not by doles from the poor-box—we have tried that long enough; it is worse than a farce. Not by the consolatory assurances, that Pauperism is of God's appointment, to be recompensed hereafter. We do not believe in this necessity of a permanent committee of beggars, and a standing social institution of misery. Here are slaves, they must be freed; and if they are not fit for freedom, the more accursed the institutions which have depressed them, the more needy of speedy deliverance. Show us the way to discharge this plain duty. Here are prisons which are social pandemoniums. How came our brethren into such temptations as forced them to self-degradation, and forgetfulness of others rights? We are to blame, who neglected them first, and then abused them. How shall we do away force once and forever, and securely remove these horrible places of torment, these gibbets, and chain-gangs, and gloomy cells, substitute kindness for revenge, and place the morally sick where they ought to be, in moral hospitals. Here are fortifications and armaments, and engines of murder, oh ye ministers of peace, and marshalled butchers, and decorated executioners; speak the word that shall put from among men this utter outrage of all common sense and common feeling. Show nations how to prevent wars by scrupulous justice, and magnanimity, and reciprocated benefits. Here is strife amongst fellow workers, producers, distributors, the earth over, cheating, chicanery, false swearing, broken pledges, universal duplicity, want of all confidence. In the name of heaven is this necessary? Did our Creator mean that life should be a lie? Then show us, ye his appointed servants! how to be kind and true. Give us the spirituality of honest work, and fair dealing, and mutual assistance. Bearers of the sacred ark, lead the way. We are ready for the great battle with wrong." Beautiful is this reawakening of the genuine life of goodness. The design of the Creator opens upon us. The Order of the Universe, of Man, is Love. The vast communion of creatures rejoices in the reception and diffusion of joy. The service of God is multiplication of blessedness and beauty. Not fruitless will be these sublime convictions. They will hallow the labors of individuals, and sanctify the politics of Nations, and build the earth into a glorious House of God.

To grow, man needs a congenial atmosphere, an appropriate sphere. The thought unspoken, unused dies. "Faith without works is dead." The great Associative movements of the age in England, France, Germany, and the United States, concentrate all these various rays of reform to a bright focus. The vast improvements in every branch of art ensure their success. In vain do we seek justice among nations, till we have dried up the bitter fountain of injustice in communities: and the collisions of man with man in communities grow out of disproportionate toil, unfair division of gains, partial culture, exclusion from social position, violation of the simplest rights. Let us organize all men's interests, and from these little centres shall peace and triumphant beauty pervade the earth. Industry shall then be a communion with God in the glorifying of Nature, and Man shall be One. There is a divine order of human society; a justice so perfect, that every individual man shall be a member with all his brethren of a larger Man, which is the Nation; and Nations members together of the Universal

Man, which is the reunited Race. In this true Adam the Infinite Spirit will be incarnate.

Nearer and ever nearer draws the day of fulfilment. How the songs of David "Let the beauty of the Lord be upon us;" how the visions of Isaiah "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise;" how the promises of Jesus "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" how the crowning revelation "Behold the tabernacle of God is men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God" brighten in meaning, like clouds made glorious by the rising sun.—*The Present.*

SKETCHES OF INTERIOR VISION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE FLIGHT.

She spoke, and wings seemed expanding within my soul—wings, strong wings, that lifted me up—up! I saw the beautiful spirit rising in the air; and, as if attracted by some irresistible magnetic power, I rose also. A complete etheriality possessed me. All the grosser elements of being were dissolved, and the freed spirit came forth from the shackles of the flesh, like the winged insect from its chrysalis—larger, stronger, more beautiful—perfect in all the attributes of its being. I dwell upon that moment even now with tears—tears of rapture—only the shadow of which can be perceived by dwellers in the flesh, until the disenfranchised spirit, bursting away from its ceremonies, shall inhale the atmosphere of eternity, in all the fulness of its beauty, and power, and majesty, and glory.

As we continued rising, thick clouds were seen stretching beyond and above us; but their density diminished as we drew near, and then they seemed to expand and diffuse themselves through the whole atmosphere, in a transparent haze, tinted with mingled hues of rose, and gold, and azure, which gave an indescribable beauty to all objects seen through its softening medium, while it seemed to act with a lensic power, in directing and strengthening the vision.

Should I attempt to describe the sensations experienced, when I looked down upon the World that lay beneath, spread out like a map, only not contracted in its lineaments? It was a beautiful picture, with which *experience* alone might associate the idea of suffering or crime. I perceived then, how the original laws of Nature had been violated, and the benevolence of the Creator neutralized, and rendered of none effect. The thought sickened. The sympathies of the flesh overcame the new-born energies of spirit, and then I perceived the motion of the whirling sphere upon which I gazed. An intense and overwhelming dizziness seized me; and, for the first time, I realized my situation—suspended in mid-air, while the sustaining influence seemed giving way. The dreadful sensation of falling from a great height overcame me with deadly faintness. My brain was the center of a great circle, on which were painted stars, planets and constellations, of wondrous forms, whirling around me with the rapidity of lightning; and to it were converging rays of intense light, until my whole body became as if ignited by its all-pervading, but unconsuming fire. Down—down I plunged through the abyss of ether, a helpless, falling weight! With motion rapid as if borne on the wing of Thought, sped Noema to my relief. She grasped my hand; and the weakness, the fire, the dreadful fear itself, were all gone.

"I wonder not," she said, "that a daughter of Man is oppressed by a view of all the misery and the wickedness of Man. She who could be otherwise would not be woman, but a monster in human shape. Thy brethren have, indeed, gone far astray from the right path; but remember, my sister, that there is no shadow so deep but the love of God can pierce it: and none can be wholly lost where that heart-beam of the Eternal penetrates.

"Remember that the Creator has endowed Man only with the elements of what he is destined to become; leaving those elements free to be acted upon by his own power, and his own will; so that the being evolved may have a positive character. Were it otherwise, there would be produced, not a sentient and free creature, but only a machine; however perfect might be its proportions—however wise and wonderful its operations—however beautiful and harmonious its relations with the Universe, and with its kind. This is the only light in which the justice and the love of God can be reconciled to each other. The Spirit of the Father, which is Love, is already beginning to be recognized by his children; and this spirit shall never be quenched until its regenerating power reaches every home, and fills with its deep blessedness every heart. In the meantime mourn not, though there is much to mourn over, for those who cannot look beneath the surface; but the eye that can penetrate the thick crust of the Apparent, reaching the Actual that lies beneath, may perceive the Soul of Man struggling with the chaotic elements by which it is enveloped, and converting them into materials for its own sustenance and growth; thus working out of the very obstacles which encumber its path, the means of progress, while the great Idea which it has been continually seeking through the lapse of ages—now, amid utter darkness—now, amid the lurid glare of false meteors, is continually evolving itself into purer light, and nobler proportions.

There is, even now, a glimmering as of earliest dawn, on the far horizon of Eternity; and the day surely is at hand when the Soul shall recognize its own image—spotless and perfect as when it first emanated from the mind of God, yet endowed with those active and indestructible energies by which it shall know itself as the legitimate child of the Infinite. There are, indeed, many sad, many dangerous mistakes in these processes, but they cannot be quite fatal—and let this cheer thee. The progress of the Soul may be retarded; but the impetus which was communicated by the hand of God cannot be subdued by a lesser power; for in its very destiny and essence, as an heir of Eternity, as an emanation of the Infinite, it must ultimately overcome all obstacles—which are finite."

As I listened to these words, a delicious sweetness pervaded my whole being. My soul stretched out its arms with an embrace wide as humanity itself, and felt the great heart of God throbbing in all its pulses. For the first time I knew that all mankind are, indeed, brethren; and perceived the infinite value of even the meanest human soul. For the first time I felt myself in the direct presence of that Being who is Love.

"Let me go, my sister," I exclaimed, with an attempt to disengage my hand from that of Noema: "let me go and reveal these things to the minds of such as labor in the spirit of our Father, that their hearts and their hands may be strengthened by a foreshadowing of the glorious truth. Let me assure them that their labor is *not* all in vain, though apparent defeat and failure have, as yet, only marked their progress—lest they sink under the weight of evil that rises up against them, and are quite crushed."

"Thou shalt go, my sister," she replied: "but not yet. Thou shalt surely tell them, that veiled among the fixed purposes of God is the picture of a day, when, throughout all the earth, there shall be found but one nation—but one sect—but one caste—but one brotherhood: that of HUMANITY; humanity redeemed from its gross selfishness, repossessed of its birthright, and ready to enter on that career of light, and love, and truth, in which untried angels may be left behind.

"But let us rise, now, into a higher atmosphere," she added, after a moment's pause; and, as if the very impulse of her thought had impelled us, we soared beyond the haze, into a region of pure and perfect light, whose effulgence did not dazzle, but, on the contrary, strengthened and pleased the eye. I can hardly give an idea of the effect produced. It was not like light shining from within a vase; for there was no apparent obscuration; and yet its intensity was tempered, as if the softness of an imperceptible shadow had fallen upon it. Seen through this medium even small objects became wonderfully distinct and clear; while the same glance that reached and measured the whole

view, might scan the parts of which that whole was composed, until each stood out, invested with its own individual lineaments and character.

There lay the ocean, stretching in its majestic unity from pole to pole—heaving and throbbing as if with the pulses of a great heart. Thence might be followed the large rivers, which, as they shone in the clear light, appeared as if belting continents with zones of liquid silver. From these might be traced the course of the smaller streams that fed their sources, through innumerable subdivisions, back to the lake, the rivulet, the spring, and the mountain mere—the great venous and arterial system being seen at one view by means of which the vital fluids are circulated, and life and health diffused through all the earth. At the same time the single ship on the sea, the single crag on the mountain side, the single cottage in the valley, the single fisherman that mended his net upon the river's bank, even the very trout, as in the joy of life, it leaped to the surface of the sunny brook, might be distinctly noted.

There were cataracts plunging into unfathomable depths, whose rainbows never have been measured by human eye; vast lakes, whose waters never knew the dip of oar; wide savannahs, bright with myriads of flowers, to which no Adam has yet given names; arid deserts, whose wide wastes slept in the still sublimity of death; islands of glory lying in the blue arms of ocean, whose sleep of ages never has been broken by the sound of human voice; cool grottoes and lovely nooks, to which the free birds of heaven alone find access. I beheld all these; and, as I looked, I saw the great icebergs, glittering like priceless gems in the crown of Earth.

Again I looked, and there stood the old mansion where I first drew breath, with its tall and widely-spreading roof-tree. Years had intervened since I had last set foot on my native soil; but there was my old home, with all its mystic associations, just as it had been pictured on the tablets of memory. There was the same little brook, gamboling along in the deep stillness of the valley, prattling to itself for want of other auditors; and there, too, were the very ruins of the mimic mill which we—my brothers, my sister, and I, had planted upon its waters. Farther on was the site of the wigwam, covered with green boughs, where we assembled in the time of berries, for rest and refreshment. There was a noble plot of woodland there then, but the fine old trees are now all gone. Nearer the house, in the middle of that fresh green meadow, stood the same great chestnut, with its grape-vine swing, from which I first received sensations akin to those of flying. Yes, that is the same swing, now listlessly hanging there, from one of those broad outstretching arms: but where are all the bright and happy beings whose merry-chiming voices made music of all the air?

The silence has become vocal in the utterance of one word—one single word—and yet the saddest that ever fell upon the heart of love—"gone." Ah, how that simple syllable echoes through the vaulted arches of time, evoking thence the spirits of departed joys! And yet I believe it not. The semblance may be gone; but the intrinsic essence still exists. I knew by my own monitions that the loved and the lost were gathering back; and then came thronging on my view all the shapes of old, yet fresh in their primal beauty; and I communed with them, face to face. My spirit was mingled with theirs, and we hovered together around the scenes of our early love; in such companionship as only angels and disenthralled spirits may enjoy. Then, indeed, we knew that the affections are eternal, and that the beautiful bonds which bind soul to soul are indestructible as the elements of the soul itself.

"But extend thy vision, and then tell me what thou seest; for at this height, and seen through the medium of this clear light, things appear as they really are," said my conductor.

"Ah," cried I, after a long survey of the scene below, "how unfortunate are human beings! There is none happy—there is none good! All are selfish! All are miserable! Man has quite forgotten the common ties of brotherhood which bind him to his race, and he uses his power only for evil, continually. All that planet over I see the Many laboring for the Few; I behold

the Weak prostrate before the Strong; while the arrogance on the one hand, and the servility on the other, alike fall short of the true stature of Man."

"Observe," said Noema, "that where there is most light there is the grossest injustice: for there the selfish principle being *educated* is the most active—there is the largest monopoly of the Creator's gifts. In the savage state man tramples upon a fellow man with only a naked foot; but where knowledge has been made the instrument of selfishness, the heel that grinds a brother to the dust is shod with iron. It is a curious fact, that all the most cruel and bloody wars which have scourged the earth for many centuries have been prosecuted under the banner of the Cross, by the disciples of him whose reign was announced by the heavenly messengers as one of 'peace on earth and good will to men'—and whose spotless life and cruel death, were but one great lesson of love. Strange it is that the site of the most sanguinary battles should be found in Christendom. But, look again, and tell me what thou seest?"

"I see the many poor laboring for a pittance of the coarsest bread—sharing not the luxuries to which they, alone, have any real right. On the one hand is prodigality, gorged with fatness and wanton waste, on the other squalid misery and utter starvation—on the one hand tyranny, and the grossest abuse of power; on the other chains, and the most degrading slavery—but darkness, alike, settles on the minds of all: and there seems to be almost a total oblivion of even the consciousness of any thing that should belong to such a being as man. Now I see many signs of violence and wrong. There are prisons, and chains, and scourges, and pillories; and dungeons into whose deep gloom the eye of Mercy never looked.

"Now, far away there, on that pleasant table-land, where only oblations of love should be offered, I see a crowd fast gathering—until the multitude is as the sands of the sea. And what is that tall and ugly object that casts so black a shadow on the sunny grass! Ah! I see now; it is the deadly gallows-tree! And there, decked in holy robes, ministers a priest, whose Master taught him to forgive, and who, himself, forgave all wrong. There he stands, stretching out *holy hands* to invoke the blessing of God, upon the violation of one of his deepest laws; while the spirit of that poor brother, struggling in the cruel bonds of a murderous Law, and hovering on the confines of eternity, declares itself blood-guiltless. But all availeth not. The work goes on. The fatal '*drop*' is given. Now, a faint struggle—and a fellow-being is launched into eternity—either innocent, or with the damning sin of falsehood yet fresh upon the disembodied spirit; and all the thousands who have witnessed the appalling sight, are none the better, but only the worse—more hardened in sin by the experience of this hour! Where," I exclaimed, in bitter anguish, "if such things are permitted to be, where are the signs of human progress?"

"These are all experiments," returned Noema, "which it is, perhaps, necessary that the free creature called Man, should make for himself. He will try them all. He will test the wickedness and absurdity of practices, which he is but just beginning to suspect. He is, even now, perceiving that the hand which robs a brother, can reach no blessing for itself. That it is wiser to prevent crime, than to punish it, is becoming every hour more apparent. Human life is a state of trial—of education to the soul. There, every good, being finite, is linked with a corresponding evil, to which the transition is so gradual that it is often made unconsciously. But the evil will not always be chosen, and the good rejected. The true value of each will be carefully estimated; and the result cannot but be right."

"Yet why," I asked, "do the wealthy, who command all the great avenues to the temple of Knowledge, close them against their brethren, whilst their own sensuality forbids themselves to enter the sacred precincts, where purer spirits would be at home. If knowledge is good, why does it not make men love one another; and if civilization is good, why does it increase and strengthen the selfish principle?"

"To answer thy first question, first, my sister," responded No-

ema, "the rich seek to monopolize the means of knowledge only to magnify and multiply the means of power; but in this they find themselves thwarted continually. The very obstacles which are placed in the way of genius are incitements to action—to perseverance—to ultimate triumph. Almost all the great stars in the world of Letters have risen from beneath the horizon of what is termed *good fortune*, and have struggled with clouds, and storms, and thick darkness, before they emerged into the glorious beauty of their eternal day. So have risen a Shakspeare, a Homer, a Burns; and thus have struggled a Milton, a Johnson, and a Keats. So far, then, as the higher orders of genius are concerned, the selfishness of those in power can do little or no harm; but its effect upon the masses is disastrous in the extreme—yet not without remedy.

"But I pass to the answer of thy second question. To love Truth, even with the selfish love of sheer ambition, is something; for it is seeking to appropriate to one's self what is intrinsically great and noble. But to love it for its own sake, seeking to diffuse its blessings, is a much higher step, to which the first is surely tending; for we cannot associate with and love what is really lovely, without becoming more and more assimilated in character to the object of our affection. The vices of an enlightened people show in stronger light than those of others, simply because they stand in contrast to those principles by which that people affect to be governed. To have good principles, then, implanted in the society, is something—is much; but to act upon those principles is a far higher state of progress, to which all prior ones bear their just and necessary relations.

"Thou art mistaken, my sister, in supposing that civilization does nourish the selfish principle. It is not civilization, *it does*, which does this, but its associated evil, of which I but just now spoke to thee. The possession of knowledge, as I before observed, gives a vast increase of power—and, consequently, the withholding it from men is one means of keeping them in subjection. Ignorance is the strongest rivet which fastens the chain upon the neck of Slavery; and, at the same time, one of the deepest principles in the nature of man is the propensity to govern others; so the temptation to withhold from others the means of self-elevation, and consequent independence, is one of the strongest, with which man has to contend. To seek intellectual advancement, and to use it only for the good of others, is god-like. To abuse it is an infirmity incident to human nature; but the use, and the abuse, shall yet be honestly weighed against each other; and then it shall be clearly seen that it is more blessed to give than to withhold. So, from all the elements of seeming evil is evolving good."

"Blessed art thou, my spirit-sister," I replied, "for thou art making clear what has long distressed and perplexed me; but yet I see so much of wanton and wicked oppression, so much injustice, so much suffering, that I can hardly look to the end, for tears which are blinding me in sorrow for the present."

"Bitter, indeed, is the bread of unrequited labor," responded Noema, "but bitterer far is that which is poisoned by the putrifying tears, and sweat, and blood, of the unpaid laborer; and which, though it may be sweet in the mouth, is pregnant with seeds of death. But let the laborer be of good cheer—let the oppressed take courage; for among these, and these only, are working the elements of redemption to the race."

"Look yet more closely, and thou wilt perceive that all minds are *not* in equal darkness, as thou hast said. Spirits have been busy beside the hard couch of the weary laborer, telling the base-born of earth that they, too, are heirs of promise; and angels have whispered, even in the ear of the dreaming serf, revelations of manhood and all its rights. These promptings are *not* falling fruitless to the ground; but they have given an impulse to thought on these great subjects, which shall be irrepressible, and enduring as the evils to which it is allied. Strong in this spirit, the laborer is leaving his plow in the furrow, the artisan is going forth from his shop, to plead with godlike eloquence for their rights as men; while multitudes are gathering at the corners of the streets, and in solitary places, to wonder—to inquire—to listen to those prophets, whose 'good tidings of great joy' are, like

winged messengers of light, penetrating the thick darkness of Ages, and making glad the waste places of human being, where the light of hope never shone before. The shouts of all those multitudes, as they gather, and continue gathering, are thunderbolts of justice, before which every remnant of feudal barbarism, with all its monopolies, and its abuses of wealth, and learning, and liberty, and power, are destined to fall, and crumble into dust—until, in the millennial reign of an *ELEVATED HUMANITY*, the free winds of heaven shall not leave one particle beside its fellow.

"To the attentive eye there are many cheering indications that this state is steadily, if not rapidly, approaching. Even the masses are beginning to see that there is a deeper purpose woven with this mystery of human being, than the production of a race who may eat, and drink, wear clothes, and propagate their kind; and perhaps leave a portion of earth or yellow dust to their immediate heirs—that there is a vitality in this being that craves a vital aliment, which can be found in none of these things. We see indications of a transition state in the earnest seeking after truth which marks this age—in the disposition to test the reality of things—to weigh, and measure, and scan all observances, all authorities, though the most sacred—in the fine minds which are continually rising up among us—eloquent with the revelations of human right, and human destiny—and ready, if need be, to seal with their heart's blood the truth of their testimony. But for civilization, and all the light, all the power which it confers, these could never have been, however many false steps—however much of apparently retrograde motion have preceded this point of progress. Let us, then, be comforted, my sister; for have we not seen the *MAN* made manifest even in the Châtel?"

As she concluded, a divine radiance appeared emanating from her whole person, while the sweetest odors filled the air. She grasped my hand firmly, and we rose quite above the atmosphere of earth, and soared through the boundless realms of space, with a rapidity which I can only measure by the planets, comets, and stars, which we left far behind; for I was, all the while, hardly conscious of motion. At length I found we were drawing near one of those bodies, which, at first, appeared like an immense star, with its radiating points multiplied to infinity. In the nearer approach this radiance gradually subsided; and then it seemed a green island poising gracefully in the billowless ocean of air. As we came still nearer, the features of landscape scenery became quite distinct. They were like those of earth, only infinitely more beautiful; while the most delicious perfumes came floating on the clear air, which seemed to have the vitality of a living spirit.

"Here," said Noema, "our wanderings end for the present. This star is the abode of all the great spirits who have adorned the earth; and, indeed, many who have no names in their native planet are recognized here. Yonder deepening avenues are peopled with them. Thou shalt visit them. Thou shalt listen to them, and converse with the great ones of all ages, face to face—but not yet."

As she spoke we gently descended through the air, and alighted in the court of a beauteous temple, around which I perceived hovering immense multitudes of spirits.

"This," said Noema, "is the *PALACE OF DREAMS*. Here I alone have sway; and all these spirits are subject to my control. Let us enter."

The True Struggle.

Oh! ye gifted ones, follow your calling; for, however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading ye to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you—it is that of your good angel; let neither obstacles nor temptations induce ye to leave it; bound along, if you can; if not, on hands and knees, follow it! perish in it, if needful. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification, ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death.

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER AND FRANCES H. GREEN, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER 6, 1851.

THE HOPEDALE COMMUNITY.

The Hopedale Community, originally called Fraternal Community, No. 1, was formed at Mendon, Massachusetts, January 28, 1841, by about thirty individuals from different parts of the State. In the course of that year they purchased what was called the "Jones Farm," *alias* "The Dale," in Milford, their present location. This estate they named HOPEDALE—joining the word "*Hope*" to its ancient designation, as significant of the great things they *hoped* for from a very humble and unpropitious beginning. About the first of April, 1842, a part of the Members took possession of their Farm and commenced operations, under as many disadvantages as can well be imagined. Their present Domain, including all the lands purchased at different times, contains about five hundred acres. Their village consists of about thirty new dwelling houses, three mechanic shops, with water-power, carpentering, and other machinery, a small chapel, used also for the purposes of Education, and the old domicile, with the barns and out-buildings much improved. There are now (Dec. 1, 1851), at Hopedale, some thirty-six families, besides single persons, youth and children, making in all a population of one hundred and seventy-five souls.

It is often asked, what are the peculiarities, and what the advantages of The Hopedale Community? Its leading peculiarities are the following:

1. It is a Church of Christ (so far as any human organization of professed Christians, within a particular locality, have the right to claim that title), based on a simple declaration of faith "in the religion of Jesus Christ, as he taught and exemplified it, according to the Scriptures of the New Testament," and of acknowledged subjection to all the moral obligations of that religion. No person can be a member who does not cordially assent to this comprehensive declaration. Having given sufficient evidence of truthfulness in making such a profession, each individual is left to judge for him or herself, with entire freedom, what abstract doctrines are taught, and also what external religious rites are enjoined in the Religion of Christ. No precise theological dogmas, ordinances or ceremonies are *prescribed* or *prohibited*. In such matters all the members are free, with mutual love and toleration, to follow their own highest convictions of truth and religious duty—answerable only to the great Head of the true Church universal. But in *practical* Christianity this Church is precise and strict. *There* its essentials are specific. It insists on supreme love to God and man—that love which "worketh no ill" to friend or foe. It enjoins total abstinence from all God-contemning words and deeds; all unchastity; all intoxicating beverages; all oath-taking; all slaveholding and pro-slavery compromises; all war and preparations for war; all capital and other vindictive punishments; all insurrectionary, seditious, mobocratic and personal violence against any government, society, family or individual;—from all voluntary participation in any anti-Christian government, under promise of *unqualified support*—whether by doing military service, commencing actions at law, holding office, voting, petitioning for penal laws, aiding a legal posse by injurious force, or asking public interference for protection which can be given only by *such* force; all resistance of evil *with evil*; in fine, from all things known to be sinful against God or human nature. This is its acknowledged obligatory righteousness. It does not expect immediate and exact perfection of its members, but holds up this practical Christian Standard, that all may do their utmost to reach it, and, at least be made sensible of their shortcomings. Such are the peculiarities of The Hopedale Community, as a Church.

2. It is a Civil State, a miniature Christian Republic—existing *within*, peaceably subject to, and tolerated by the Governments of

Massachusetts and the United States, but otherwise a Commonwealth complete within itself. Those Governments tax and control its property according to their own laws, returning less to it than they exact from it. It makes them no criminals to punish, no disorders to repress, no paupers to support, no burdens to bear. It asks of them no corporate powers, no military or penal protection. It has its own Constitution, laws, regulations, and municipal police; its own Legislative, Judiciary and Executive authorities; its own Educational system of operations; its own method of aid and relief; its own moral and religious safeguards; its own fire insurance and savings institutions; its own internal arrangements for the holding of property, the management of industry, and the raising of revenue; in fact, all the elements and organic constituents of a Christian Republic, on a miniature scale. There is no Red Republicanism in it, because it eschews blood; yet it is the Seedling of the true Democratic and Social Republic, wherein neither caste, color, sex nor age stands proscribed, but every human being shares justly in "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." Such is The Hopedale Community as a Civil State.

3. It is a universal *religious, moral, philanthropic, and social reform* Association. It is a Missionary Society, for the promulgation of New Testament Christianity, the reformation of the nominal Church, and the conversion of the world. It is a moral suasion Temperance Society on the Teetotal basis. It is a moral power Anti-Slavery Society, radical and without compromise. It is a Peace Society on the only impenetrable foundation of Christian Non-Resistance. It is a sound theoretical and practical Woman's Rights Association. It is a Charitable Society for the relief of suffering humanity, to the extent of its humble ability. It is an Educational Society, preparing to act an important part in the training of the young. It is a Socialistic Community, successfully *actualizing*, as well as promulgating *Practical Christian Socialism*—the only kind of Socialism likely to establish a true social state on earth. The members of this community are not under the necessity of importing from abroad any of these valuable reforms, or of keeping up a distinct organization for each of them, or of transporting themselves to other places in search of sympathizers. Their own Newcastle can furnish coal for home-consumption, and some to supply the wants of its neighbors. Such is the Hopedale Community as a Universal Reform Association, on Christian principles.

What are its Advantages?

1. It affords a theoretical and practical illustration of the *way* whereby all human beings, willing to adopt it, may become individually and socially happy. It clearly sets forth the principles to be received, the righteousness to be exemplified, and the social arrangements to be entered into, in order to this happiness. It is in itself a capital school for self-correction and improvement. No where else on earth is there a more explicit, understandable, practicable system of ways and means for those who *really desire* to enter into usefulness, peace, and rational enjoyment. This will one day be seen and acknowledged by multitudes who know nothing of it, or knowing, despise it, or, conceding its excellence, are unwilling to bow to its wholesome requisitions. "Yet the willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land."

2. It guarantees to all its members and dependants Employment at least adequate to a comfortable subsistence; relief in want, sickness or distress; decent opportunities for religious, moral and intellectual culture; an orderly, well-regulated neighborhood; fraternal counsel, fellowship and protection under all circumstances; and a suitable sphere of individual enterprise and responsibility, in which each one may by due self-exertion elevate himself to the highest point of his capability.

3. It solves the problem which has so long puzzled socialists, the harmonization of just individual freedom with social co-operation. Here exists a system of arrangements, simple and effective, under which all capital, industry, trade, talent, skill and peculiar gifts may freely operate and co-operate, with no restrictions other than those which Christian morality every where rightfully imposes—constantly to the advantage of each and all.

All may thrive together as individuals and as a Community, without degrading or impoverishing any. This excellent system of arrangements in its present completeness is the result of various and wisely improved experiences.

4. It affords a peaceful and congenial home for all conscientious persons, of whatsoever religious sect, class or description, heretofore, who now embrace Practical Christianity, substantially as this Community holds it, and can no longer fellowship the popular religionists and politicians. Such need sympathy, co-operation and fraternal association, without undue interference in relation to non-essential peculiarities. Here they may find what they need. Here they may give and receive strength by rational, liberal Christian union.

5. It affords a most desirable opportunity for those who mean to be Practical Christians in the use of property, talent, skill or productive industry, to invest them. Here those goods and gifts may all be so employed as to benefit their possessors to the full extent of justice, while at the same time they afford aid to the less favored, help build up a social state free from the evils of irreligion, ignorance, poverty and vice, promote the regeneration of the race, and thus resolve themselves into treasure laid up *where neither moth, nor rust, nor thieves* can reach them. Here property is pre-eminently safe, useful and beneficent. It is Christianized. So, in a good degree, are talent, skill, and productive Industry. Who would then be able to say conscientiously, my property, my talent, my skill, my labor—my entire influence, is now bestowed where it injures no human being, suffices for my own real wants, helps my weaker brother, and promotes universal holiness and happiness? Let such an one examine and see if we have not shown where all this can be truly said.

6. It affords small scope, place or encouragement for the unprincipled, corrupt, supremely selfish, proud, ambitious, miserly, sordid, quarrelsome, brutal, violent, lawless, fickle, high-flying, loaferish, idle, vicious, envious and mischief-making. It is no paradise for such; unless they voluntarily make it first a moral penitentiary. Such will hasten to more congenial localities; thus making room for the upright, useful and peaceable.

7. It affords a beginning, a specimen and a presage of a new and glorious *Social Christendom*—a grand confederation of similar Communities—a world ultimately regenerated and Edenized. All this shall be in the forthcoming future.

The Hopedale Community was born in obscurity, cradled in poverty, trained in adversity, and has grown to a promising childhood, under the Divine guardianship, in spite of numberless detriments. The bold predictions of many who despised its puny infancy have proved false. The fears of timid and compassionate friends that it would certainly fail have been put to rest. Even the repeated desertion of professed friends, disheartened by its imperfections, or alienated by too heavy trials of their patience, has scarcely retarded its progress. God willed otherwise. It has still many defects to outgrow, much impurity to put away, and a great deal of improvement to make, moral, intellectual and physical. But it will prevail and triumph. The Most High will be glorified in making it the parent of a numerous progeny of Practical Christian Communities.—Write, saith the Spirit, and let this prediction be registered against the time to come, for it shall be fulfilled.

ADIN BALLOU.

True Happiness.

The man who has neither poverty nor riches, who, contented with, and ever grateful for the blessings that surround him, devotes himself to the pursuit of pleasures, to diligence in his vocation in life, and to the conscientious discharge of duty in all cases, and fearless of all results, is happier far than kings and the nobles of the earth, though possessed of all the dazzling advantages of boundless wealth and power. True enjoyment lies more frequently in the humble cot than in the costly palace; and more solid happiness and virtue are to be found in the middle walks of life, than in the circles of the gay and the fashionable.

LANGUAGE OF A FUTURE STATE.

It is probable that in the future and more perfect state of existence, we shall possess a means of social intercourse free from ambiguity—that the pleasure of advancement will be increased by its consequent acceleration—that when deprived of the material organs, words and signs will no longer be employed—in a word, that the language of ideality, which a partial improvement of our faculties has here exhibited, will then be so perfected, that terms will be *entirely* dispensed with, and thought be there communicated without the intervention of any medium to distort its meaning or sully its brightness—that ideas will there flow directly from mind to mind, and the soul be continually exhilarated by breathing a pure congenial atmosphere, inhaling feeling, poetry and knowledge.

This conjecture derives a further plausibility, from the consideration that our present language seems especially adapted to things material, that in the purely physical sciences we can communicate ideas with great accuracy and precision—that the difficulty of doing this increases in proportion as our feelings and the qualities of mind enter into the subject to which we endeavor to apply it, and when they become exclusively its objects, it almost entirely fails. Poetry has accomplished much more than the other forms in portraying the passions, sentiments, and all the more striking and complicated mental phenomena, but even that has shed but a feeble light over a small portion of this interesting field of research, or in bright but fitful gleams, shown the undefined vastness not yet explored. Our present language, then, is wholly inadequate to a subject, which of all others must most interest a world of spirits, as if it were intended only to carry us to the point from which we are there to start—to give us a glimpse of the infinite regions, which imagination has not yet traversed—the exhaustless sources of thought which mind still possesses, while the language of ideality has here accomplished just enough in the exhibition of the subjects of our internal consciousness, to assure us that it also possesses the elements of a power, which when matured, may become the fitting instrument to gather the treasures of that unexplored immensity. But may we not go farther, and say that we have even here a foretaste, or at least a nearer approach to this angelic pleasure? Have we not witnessed the soul in all its purity and vigor, throwing off the trammels which words impose on its highest action, and, as if anticipating its conscious destiny, in a transport of impassioned thought and feeling, almost entirely discarding the usual mode of expressing them, when the eloquence of the eye anticipates the tongue, when every feature kindles with emotion, and the whole countenance is a transparency lighted with its glowing conceptions? It is then that terms are most nearly dispensed with, and it is in this sympathetic mingling of thought and sentiment that we enjoy the purest poetry that warms the soul in its earthly tabernacle. Those who have known the raptures of such converse and have felt its exalting influence, will regard it as worthy a place in a higher sphere, and be willing to admit it to their most entrancing reveries of elysian bliss. Does not this view lend a delightful confirmation to our hypothesis? But the argument derives yet additional strength from the consideration that this faculty, this power of silent, yet vivid expression, seems somewhat proportioned to moral excellence, or increases as the spiritual predominates over the material part of our natures—that in most men it is at best but dimly visible—that in those of the finer grade of intellect, whose feelings have been cultivated, whose purity has never been sullied by corroding care and ignoble pursuits, nor their sensibility blunted by too rude collision with the world, it becomes more apparent; while in the sex of finer mould, who are elevated above these degrading influences—whose feelings are more pure—whose sentiments are more refined—and whose spirits are more ethereal, it manifests itself with a softened splendor, to which that of angels, may well be supposed only another step in the scale of a magnificent progression. It is to the superiority which woman has in this expressive language; to her command of this direct avenue to the finer feelings, that we must attribute her influence in refining and softening the

asperities of our nature. And it is owing to the possession of this element of moral elevation, that while the finest and strongest reasoning of philosophy has, in this respect, accomplished so little, woman has accomplished so much. She possesses not the strength which has been exhibited by some masculine minds, nor perhaps even the brilliancy which has emanated from others; but the influence which they respectively exert on society appears in strange disproportion to the *apparent* causes. The one is as the sun, which sheds his strong beams upon the waters, and the waves proudly reflect his dazzling brilliancy; the other, as the moon, whose milder light melts into the ocean; glows through all its depths; heaves its mighty bosom, and elevates it above its common level.

The refined subtleties of an Aristotle, or the glowing sublimities of a Plato, though presented to us with all the fascinations of a high-toned morality, and clothed in the imposing grandeur of a lofty and commanding eloquence, are dim and powerless to that effusion of soul, that seraphic fervor, which with a glance unlocks the avenues to our tenderness, which chides our errors with a tear, or winning us to virtue with the omnipotence of a charm, irradiates its path with the beaming eye, and cheers it with the approving smile of loveliness. And hence, too, it is, that the degree in which this influence is felt, and its source appreciated, is justly considered as the test of civilization and refinement.

Is there not in this mild, gentle, silent, persuasive, yet dissolving and resistless influence, a charm which bears witness to its celestial character? Do we not recognize in it a similarity to that of heaven, and if we have ascribed it to its proper cause, does not this similarity at once stamp our speculation, if not with the seal of a moral certainty, at least with the impress of a cheering probability?

R. G. HAZARD.

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

That period which, in the appointment of its life and destiny, belonged to the *first form* having fully expired, our fair Periodical is now about to assume another and more beautiful robe of ministry, that so it may keep itself true to its own great law of progress. Accordingly after the present number it will be issued in the form of a Magazine, with proportions and attributes which may be defined as follows:

It will be printed in beautiful type, on fine book paper, and will be issued in semi-monthly numbers of 32 pages, each being stitched in a handsomely printed cover, making two volumes per annum of 416 pages each, or 832 pages in the year—terms continuing as before, at the rate of \$1.00 per volume, in advance.

However beautiful the Messenger may be, and certainly is, in its present form; still it cannot be denied that there are serious disadvantages attending it. In the first place, it is inconvenient to handle and turn, while reading; it cannot be read much in a family without being more or less disfigured, or injured, before binding; and when bound the volume is neither so handsome, nor manageable, as a smaller size would be. But in the octavo form, which we propose, all these objections are obviated at once. It is convenient in the first reading; it can be handled without material injury; it makes a handsome book when bound; and if not bound, each number is still a book, and can be preserved and used as such. In addition to this it may be said that the advantage of two weeks instead of one being given to the preparation and issue of the work, will be seen in the superior refinement and excellence of the subject matter. The editors will be able more fully to digest and perfect their own productions, and also to scan, criticise, and thoroughly sift those of others. It is impossible always to do this for a weekly paper, especially one of so high a character and containing so large an amount of matter as the Messenger. Some things will unavoidably creep in merely to fill up, because any printed surface has a more comely aspect than a completely blank one. But we trust that in the contemplated change there will be no such necessity. We intend that every article admit-

ted shall not only be of the choicest character, but in some form or other an exponent of the great law of mental and spiritual progression. We shall in future have continued opportunities for obtaining communications from the Spirit World through the highest media. In addition to our former plan, we shall also introduce a department filled with sketches of passing events, notices of the press, and all such items as furnish interesting, important, or characteristic data of the times.

In full confidence that these improvements will give a new attraction, interest, and absolute value to our work, which must certainly induce a larger circulation, and a wider sphere of influence, we shall go forward with a brighter hope, a steadier purpose and a stronger will, still obedient to the heavenly voices that first directed our efforts to this enterprise, and established in our midst the circling platform of Spiritual Harmony.

This number completes the volume in its present form, and on Saturday Dec. 20, will be issued the first number of the Magazine. Subscribers who have paid in advance, or who may now pay for the current six months or year, will receive the paper in its new form to the full amount of their subscription.

Our Present and Future Prospects.

The vibrations which have come back to us, in answer to the Appeal of our beloved Messenger, furnish the most cheering indications for the future, giving assurance that there are at least a few noble and generous spirits, who not only can appreciate our labors, but are willing to assist in lightening their severity. Could the present obstacles be fairly surmounted, there would be no barrier to our future life, growth and progress; and if our Patrons generally could perceive the actual state of the case, we are quite confident they would cheerfully, and gladly furnish the necessary aid.

Our embarrassments have not been occasioned by any falling off from our subscription list, for that is steadily increasing; nor from any declination of interest on the part of our readers, for we are continually receiving letters, overflowing with the most positive assurances to the contrary; but they were mainly occasioned by a miscalculation of expenses, in the outset, in connection with other causes which cannot well be detailed. We demand great sacrifices of no one; but our hope of relief rests chiefly on the aggregation of small offerings, which can, we believe, in most instances, be made without material inconvenience. And when our Patrons consider that each holds in his hand what may assist in sustaining the life of the Messenger, would any one of them, for a moment, weigh the *single coin* AGAINST THAT LIFE? We hope, and indeed believe not. To all those who have responded so promptly and cheerfully to the Appeal, we tender our cordial thanks; and although their example has not, as yet, by any means come into *general* use, we accept their kindness as an earnest of that which, in its own good time, must assuredly follow. And now, confidently looking forward to a higher favor, to a larger patronage, to a more expansive horizon of spiritual influence, we bid all our friends, for a short time, a kind and loving—adieu. Eps.

☞ We send with this number bills to those persons who are indebted for the present volume, kindly reminding them that our terms in respect to advance payment should be strictly observed. Will they do us a favor, and lend their aid to the cause, by responding in a prompt and substantial manner?

☞ We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of many kind letters from friends in different parts of the country, which are expressive of the profound interest that is felt in the success and prosperity of this paper.

☞ Subscribers in this vicinity who desire to have the Messenger bound, are referred to the establishment of Geo. W. Wilson, the printer of this paper, where their work will be executed in a superior manner, at the most reasonable prices.

Poetry.

THE GUARDIAN,
A TALE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER
BY J. B. WEBB.

Secluded from the tumult of the town,
Its fashion, pride, and hollow mockery
Of Him, who walked the lowly paths of life,
And whispered peace unto the aching heart,
Encompassed by an aged forest's arms
A humble cottage nestled unobserved,
Save by the hunter who, with quickened sense,
Perchance had caught some simple woodland song,
And paused amid his toil to give an ear
Unto the murmuring music of the glen.

For many years beneath its bough-thatched roof
An aged widow spread her frugal board;
And heaped upon her fire the forest oak,
When the keen frost congealed the chilling breath,
And crept through every chink and shattered pane.

That dark mysterious fate we cannot scan
In earlier years had left her quite alone,
With but a settler's home, an infant girl
That nestled in her bosom, and one more
That lisped the name of mother, and beguiled
The parent's lone and melancholy hours
With merry prank, and childish joy and fear.

The mother dared to live, with her own hands
Gleaning from that untoward soil, the few
And simple means of life that life demands---
Not as the hero dares, in furious strife
Upon the battle-plain, where thousand eyes
May mark the gallant blow, and thousand tongues
Applaud the thunder of his murderous charge.
With higher courage, and a holier zeal,
Which nought but woman's love can e'er inspire,
The widow toiled within her forest home.

The children grew as rolling years sped on;
'Till, 'neath their loving parent's tireless care,
They woke from childish joys to contemplation
Of all the mighty and mysterious works
That Nature spread around their mountain home.
The youthful heart by her kind influence warmed,
Soon learned to thrill with feeling deep and pure,
As flowers enlivened by the sun and air
Of early spring, confidingly unfold
Their tender bosoms to the skies of March.

The forest lone became their world entire,
And wrought upon the plastic soul the impress
Of all its grandeur and unfading beauty.
At earliest dawn they watched the golden flood
From rocky battlements and gorges dim,
That stretched along the mountain's hoary brow,
As it displaced the somber shade of night;
While birds from every dingle, copse, and glen,
With music wild awoke the slumbering wood;
And every leaf upon the mountain side
Shook with the cool and freshening breeze of morn.
Not brighter blushed the fair auroral sky,
At coming of the day-god's flaming car,
Than those young maiden sisters, as they caught
Visions resplendent, pictured morn and even,
In hues of glory on the waving woods.

In every quiet nook where, warm and bright,

The summer sun came through the beechen trees,
And pleasantly the western wind swept o'er
Their verdant tops, the sisters sought each flower
Wrought with green mosses in a carpet fair,
That covered the moist earth; and resting where
The mountain rill leaped in a bright cascade,
They wove the blossoms in their shadowy bower,
Nor deemed the wide earth had a single heart
More happy than their own.

When paled the leaf
'Neath Autumn's hoary skies, and shriller grew
The evening wind, and with an eddying whirl
Swept o'er the forest grating limbs, and bore
Their gorgeous vesture to the rocky ground,
The maiden saw, with melancholy gaze,
The Summer yielding up her verdant crown,
And Winter ope his wild tempestuous reign.

But deeper gazed the mental eye beneath
Into the workings of eternal law,
That warms the earth in early Spring, and bids
The forest wake with joy and beauty rife;
Perfects the seed in Autumn's golden hours;
Then gives it to the scattered winds of heaven,
And spreads o'er earth a desolation vast.
The uninstructed mind, with simple ease,
Looked far beyond the darkening veil, that man
With philosophic pomp has spread between
His yearning spirit, and the fountain pure
Of wisdom everlasting, infinite,
And saw, with vision clear, the inner life,
Though hidden, only real, moving on
In serial march, through ever-changing forms;
Perfecting still, till at the mighty Heart
That sends the life-blood through creation vast,
It vibrates with a sympathetic glow.

Thus lived the sisters in their mountain home,
And learned from Nature's majesty and beauty,
To know with more than philosophic ken—
Believe with more than superstitious faith—
The existence of the great Eternal Mind,
Whose thoughts they found impressed upon each rock
That stood upon its hoary battlements,
Frowning defiance to the power of Time,
And every flower that nestled timidly
In pleasant nook, or leaned its blushing cheek
Against the last year's leaves, and trustingly
Looked up to heaven.

Thus flew the golden hours
Of girlhood's transient stay; nor ever cloud
Came o'er the perfect azure of their skies.
No pride, or rankling hate, or needless care;
No envy, malice, shame of honest toil,
Or sad repinings at their lonely lot,
Disturbed the quiet of their cherished home.

But when the leaf was budding for the spring,
And blue-birds warbled from the icy twigs,
Pale sickness touched the younger sister's cheek,
Which, like a smitten lily, fairer grew—
Till coldness crept upon her heaving breast,
Closing her dark eyes in their dreamless sleep.

The rude backwoodsman made her humble grave
Beneath the pine, whose deep unfading green,
Fit emblem was of that bright hope she loved
To cherish, of a fairer world than this.
It was a sweet spot in that lonely wood,—
The little rill, upon whose mossy banks
She loved to play, sang merrily at her side
The live-long day. There often came the breeze,

And 'mid the rich old forest stirred the oak,
Or venerable sycamore, and woke
A strange sweet music in the solemn pines ;
And there the robin trilled his tuneful song.

When loitering sunset mellowed in the west
The sister planted by her play-mate's grave
The evergreen, embossed with many a flower,
With loving nurture long she cherished them,
Until they folded their green drapery o'er
The smiling earth-couch, and its holy rest.

And then, when long the summer days were grown,
She came with noiseless step, and prostrate there,
Beside the tufted mound, she called upon
Her sister's hallowed name, until it seemed
Her loved companion's answering voice awoke
Mid the deep breathing of the mountain wind.
Strange thoughts came o'er her brain. Emotions rose
Within her wondering breast that ne'er before
Had touched her spirit's trembling strings. She knew
Her sister lived—was near—and even then
Breathed sweet instruction through her willing mind.

As months flew by, the maiden's eye grew bright,
With radiance not of earth. Her woodland song
Dropped into silence, and the early rose
Saddened each day on her transparent cheek.
Like some fair spirit wandering over earth,
And mourning for her olden home, she moved
With silent step along the cottage floor.
She was too fair, too gentle, for the strife
Of withering earth-winds. Hence the spirit grew
Beyond its clayey confines, which to dust
Fell by a wasting influence, as the soul
Strengthened its wings, and plumed itself for heaven
And as she weakened, oft her faltering tongue
Revealed the wonders of the Spirit-World
Her eyes had learned to gaze upon, and filled
Her mother's bosom with a holy joy.

December's hollow winds wailed bitterly
Amid the gloomy hemlock's tossing boughs,
That swung and creaked beneath their load of snow,
And o'er the wide waste of the desolate moor
Howled all night long, amid the whirling drift—
'Till far upon the mountain's giant top,
Where ever cold and pure, the stars look down
Upon the icy mirror of the stream,
With deep and hollow roar it died away.
The mother trimmed her fire, and carefully
Filled up each cranny where the feathery snow
Beat through their trembling lodge, as love alone
Might shield the helpless one, whom still she watched
Till nature yielded, and benignant Sleep
Touched with his balm her lacerated breast.

The maiden in her restlessness beheld
Beside her couch a spirit-visitant,
Attired in robes of white, and on her head
A garland, wove of summer's fragrant flowers,
While in her hand sparkled a rosy wreath.
A smile lit up the maiden's face, for well
She knew the intruding angel, and her soul
Drank in with rapture every look and tone.

Gently sang the sister spirit ;
"I have twined this wreath for thee !
Sweetest sister, thou shalt wear it
To the home of love with me.

"They are bright and brilliant flowers,
Sweet with heaven's unfading bloom ;

I have culled them from the bowers
Of the spirit's pleasant home.

"Wilt thou take the gift I bring thee ?
Wilt thou join our radiant band ?
Songs of rapture I will sing thee
In our fair and sunny land."

The smile forsook the listening sister's cheek
And on the vision earnestly she gazed ;
For yet the palsied tongue refused to speak,
Till pale and sweetly sorrowful she raised
Her hand : "Nay, dearest sister, ask not now !
Most gladly would I take thy offered wreath ;
But should I place its flowers upon my brow—
Think of our mother. Think of her deep grief !—
To such blank loneliness I cannot leave
Her weary heart, in this wild wintry wood,
With no kind one her sorrows to relieve—
Wait on her steps and cheer her solitude.
I pray thee, sister, stay a little while !
Her spirit soon must take its final flight ;
Grant me to share her sorrows, and beguile,
Till she is ready for the realms of light."

Intense emotion burned within her heart—
The words died on her pale and parted lips,
And cold the death-sweat gathered to her brow ;
For the soul struggled, with convulsive pangs,
From earth and its dark bondage to be free.
As if some spirit o'er her heaving breast
Had breathed the breath of heavenly quietness,
Suddenly she grew calm. A joyful light
Shone through her eyes, and touched her brow serene.
As evening shadows shut the violet,
So fell the death-cloud o'er her drooping eyes,
Closing the veined lids with so soft a touch
Their silken fringes lay as placidly
As on a sleeping infant. Death's dark shades
In deepening waves fell round the parting soul—
To melt in rapture when the roseate morn
Of heaven should greet the wondering traveler.
The entrancing melody of angel songs
Fell on her ear ; she wore the empyrean crown.

The mother heard the heavenly harmony,
Like the soft murmur of some ocean shell,
And felt her home was holy with the presence
Of angel forms ; nor faltered she to kiss
The last cold tear-drop from the icy cheek,
And give unto the yawning grave her last—
The sweet companion of her tottering age.

Her trusting soul had learned the exalting truth
That angels hover round the pure in heart,
Infusing peace, and breathing pleasant thoughts
Into the tranquil bosom, whispering words
Of holy cheer, and love, and joy divine,
With silvery sweetness on the Spirit's ear.

And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to man ; so without love
All beauties bred in woman are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried ;
For love informs them as the sun doth colors :
And as the sun reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers ;
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honorable fruits
Of valor, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

Chapman.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PAINTER AND THE MADONNA.

BY W. S. SOUTHGATE.

Long and wearily had the painter labored upon a Madonna, but yet another day left it unfinished. The first ray of the morning sun had found him sitting with folded hands before the half-finished picture, nor had he gone from it when the last ray of the setting sun came in at the opposite window.

Thus, day after day, he had sought in vain after that divine expression of the Virgin Mother, which his soul had often seen in his dreams, but could not now recall. Sometimes, when his soul forgot its earthly dwelling place, and all its sorrows went joyously, back to revel among the joys of its own home, it would bring to the painter on its return, as it were, pictures of heavenly loveliness, which he too easily forgets.

The birds sung sweetly in the grove near by, and gladdened the painter's heart with their cheerfulness, for the song of a happy bird was one of the greatest joys of his life.

The summer air came in at the open window, laden with the perfume of the wild flowers, and with the musical hum of the bees; the happy kids frisked by the side of their feeding dams afar off on the mountain slope, seeming to play close against the clear blue sky. Every thing looked pleasant in the clear bright sunshine, and every thing that felt it seemed to rejoice in it. The painter's courage revived. He could not yet despair, for all these glories of nature gave him new hope.

Once more he took his pencil, and labored on with a light heart. Once again the Madonna was finished. He gazed upon it long and earnestly, but yet was not satisfied.

"Alas!" he cried, "it is not the Virgin Mother that I have painted; 'tis only a smiling goddess of summer, toying with a child." And again he wiped away his work almost despairing in his heart.

Not long after, the painter sat at his window watching the shadows as they played to and fro over the bosom of the neighboring lake, and listening to the joyful melody with which the whole forest rang.

The sun had gone down behind the mountains, and the shout of the shepherd calling together his flocks, went echoing from hill to hill, till the farthest wandering lamb heard it and turned homeward. Now and then was heard the evening note of the thrush, whose song seems ever a requiem for some lost mate. One after another the stars came out, heralding the queenly moon that rose slowly above the forest. And as he sat enjoying all these things, he fell asleep and dreamed.

He dreamed that while he was lying in the shade of the wood, looking upon the beautiful flowers around him, a female form rose up from out the bosom of a tulip, and stood before him.

At first she seemed shrouded with a thick mist, but it cleared away before the painter's gaze, and revealed to him the bright vision. And never before, in all his dreams of beauty, had he beheld so lovely an embodiment of graces and beauties. Her flowing robe glistened with its own whiteness as she walked in the light. The slender violets were hardly bent under her feet, and every thing she passed was covered in beauty. In every flower he beheld a reflected image of the lovely vision, as if each one carried a mirror in its own bosom.

She came near to the astonished painter, and said in a cheerful tone:—

"Behold me whom thou hast long sought in vain. I am the Spirit of Beauty. I was born in heaven, but I have long dwelt on earth, that I might cheer the hearts of men. But they do not look for me here, though I am always near them. They search the skies, thinking that I never come down from heaven. But thou at last has sought me aright, and so have found me in my grove, not away in heaven. So I am every where; in the forest and the field; on the mountain and in the lake; in every lofty tree, in every humble flower. Here I gladly abide, wishing for man to see and love me, that I may dwell in his heart and bless him. Yet he passes along in the path of life, so dreary

without me, not thinking that I am in the flowers under his feet, as well as in the stars above his head. Did he mind more the flowers which lie in his path, he would mind less the thorns there. Now I am thy companion, and I will work with thee till men see me in thy works."

The spirit ceased and the painter awoke. The moon was shining in his face, and it seemed to him as if she had flown up to it, and was looking down, upon him.

"O glorious vision," he cried, "thou art in heaven, on earth, and in my soul; leave me not I pray, though thou shouldst leave heaven and earth."

Thenceforth the painter lived as it were in a new world. He saw new beauties, and each added to the joys of his life.

Again the Madonna was finished. And now the canvas glowed with a life and beauty, more noble and affecting than the summer-like freshness and youth of the last Madonna, but yet not divine. It seemed as if he had painted a grace as a mother. There was in her face that expression of joy and contentment, where lurks some anxiety, which you have seen upon a mother when holding in her arms the sleeping babe. And in the child you might read his gentleness and meekness, but you could not see there his divinity. It was a perfect picture of motherly love and childish affection, but all in it was human. The painter felt that there was something wanting in it, and he knew that it was the holy expression which he had so long and earnestly sought. And still unsatisfied he laid away the picture, hardly expecting that he should ever better it.

One summer evening, when the fields and groves were all so quiet in the moonlight, that it seemed like Nature's hour of prayer, the bell of the church, which stood alone in the valley, began to call the villagers to vespers. And when the painter heard it and saw how happy they all seemed who were hastening to the church, he went and joined with them. As he sat in the dimly-lighted church and looked up amongst the dark overhanging beams of the roof, feelings of awe came over him. And all the while the priest and the people were praying, the painter was lost in holy meditation.

Soon the organist began the noble symphonies of the "Stabat Mater," filling the church with its sweet music. And after the organ had ceased, the echoes played it over and over again up among the lofty arches, till the painter's heart was filled with love and peace. He went home from church to his lonely room and taking the long neglected Madonna from the corner, once more put it upon his easel. While he sat before it he fell asleep.

And again the Spirit of Beauty appeared to him, and there was with her another noble spirit whose face shone so with the brightness of her divinity, that he could not bear the sight. But soon it beautified on him with a gentler sight, and changed his fear to love. The two spirits stood before him holding each other by the hand. And the face of the Spirit Beauty was turned toward heaven, but the other spirit looked upon the earth. Then the Spirit of Beauty said:

"Man, I have been with thy heart ever since I first met with thee in the grove. Thou hast done all that we can do. Thy works are beautiful—I cannot make them more. But listen to my sister spirit, for she would make you her own." Then the other said:—

"I am the Spirit of Religion. I would dwell with thee and be thy companion. Thou hast never found me in the grove, nor canst thou find me there. Only my foot-prints are in the woodland and on the lake. If thou wilt open thy heart to me, I will bless thee."

Then the Spirit of Religion raised higher her finger toward heaven, saying—

"I will lead thee there, wilt thou go?"

And the painter gladly received the other spirit, for her loveliness had drawn him towards her.

He awoke. The sister spirits dwelt together in his heart.

And now the twin spirits which were dwelling in his dreams, came and dwelt with him in reality. And when again the pious painter heard the mournful "Stabat Mater," echoing through the lofty church, his whole heart was filled with its music, for now he felt more than its beauty—he felt its religion.

Long ago this happy painter died, but his immortal works are with us yet, ministers of purity and holiness teaching us beautiful lessons. Chief among them all is Madonna, the noblest glory of his country, and joy to the world. The mild countenance of the Virgin Mother is truly wonderful, words can never half describe it. There repose both humanity and divinity, joy and anxiety, and over all it spreads with blissful expression of a young mother's love. And the holy child, half down from his mother's knee, looks earnestly into her face as if he were saying, "Mother, I would be saving unhappy men, can I not go?"

"This is what the twin sisters, Beauty and Religion, did for the painter.

If we listen with our whole hearts to the silent preachings of Nature and Art, they may teach us where we also may find the heavenly companions.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY FANNY GREEN.

A storm was abroad. The lightning gleamed fearfully, and the cry of the thunder was very loud. The clouds were gathering in the east like heavy dark drapery; but in the west they were piled together like huge black mountains; and the vivid flashes went momentarily searching through their chasms, revealing scenes of picturesque but awful grandeur. The Whirlwind was awake. Earth heard his wild clarion, and shook fearfully; and the Waters, when they knew his voice, were troubled. The birds were fleeing through the air with strong unnatural cries; and every animal, true to its instinct, was seeking shelter.

A majestic Oak, strong in the maturity of years without number, stood upon the hill-side, looking forth on the storm with an eye of scorn. "Have I not," said he, "shaken off with my strong arm the thunderbolts of centuries; standing erect and uninjured amid the shivering lightnings of untold ages? Have I not battled with the strong Hail, and taken the mighty Hurricane by the beard? Behold, am I not the strongest of all things; and can the power of the Eternal, himself, harm me? The storm is but a recreation—a scene for my amusement; and the thunder, and lightning, and hail, what are they, but play-things—toys—sent to give me pastime? What are all these to a creature strong as the unconquered Oak? The tempest itself is but a healthy exercise; and, even now, I feel the vital current rushing with unwonted energy through all my veins! The storm that crushes meaner things, is sent but to give me health and strength."

Then the Oak drew closer his thick mantle of leaves, lifting up his majestic head, and stretching forth his strong arms that were bending to the sway of the tempest proudly, as if it were his own will that moved them, and not an exterior force. As he looked forth he beheld a Willow shrinking fearfully from the storm. Her branches were all prostrate—every leaflet seemed quivering with anguish; and her meek head was bent low, as if to deprecate the wrath of the elements.

"Poor fragile thing!" said the Oak, "Alas! how I pity thee! Thy tender heart will be torn asunder! Why didst thou not prepare for the storm, and grow large, and strong, like me!"

Then a voice answered, whose sweetness mingled strangely with the shrieking cry of the whirlwind, and all the crash of the tempest. "Not even in this extremity does the soul that ever trusteth in the *Unseen* entirely lose its strength. Bitter, very bitter is our anguish, when the heart is wrung to its minutest fiber; but our Father knoweth what is best; and the bruised limbs he will lift up and strengthen—and the wounded heart he will heal again; for he afflicteth us in mercy, and chasteneth in love; so shall the voice of my bitterest sorrow utter praise."

There was a sensible sweetness in the air, as the Willow dropped her head, and was silent; and the storm seemed to pause a moment, as if in reverence; for a gentle word will sometimes subdue the strongest; and submission will disarm the most inveterate foe.

But the Oak scoffed. "Poor fool!" said he, "are not all thy branches prostrate? Is not thy head bent low to the ground,

and may not the next moment cause thy death? Then curse him who hath so cruelly smitten thee! Curse him who breaketh down the Willow—but who shall crush the Oak?" And again he drew back his haughty head, and tossed abroad his strong arms, as if defying the bolts of heaven.

The liquid fire was concentrating in one fearful mass; and down—down it rolled—along the sides of the blackest mountain cloud, and it claved the Oak; and his stubborn heart was rent in twain. His beautiful garments were shivered to fragments; and his pride was levelled with the dust.

The violence of the storm went by. The sun broke forth, and the rainbow was pictured on the retiring clouds. The birds came out from their shelter, and flitting gaily abroad, sang sweet songs of joy. Every creature was glad. A delicious perfume filled the air; and the green leaves glistened through the sunny rain-drops, like emeralds set in the purest pearls of the Orient.

"Beautiful!" said the Angel of the Trees, as he went forth to bless his children. Then the Willow heard, and knew his voice; and lifting her drooping head, smiled through her many tears. "Blessed art thou, my daughter!" said the Angel, as a richer beam of light fell upon her silvery leaves—"blessed art thou forever; for in the trying hour the unflinching strength of the Eternal shall sustain thee, and thy heart, ever trusting in the mercy of its Father, shall find even its afflictions ministers of good. But behold the end of the proud—the ruin of him that mocketh."

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